To finde thy brother *Bassianus* dead.
Saturnin. My brother dead, I know thou dost but iest,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Vpon the north side of this pleasant chase,
Tis not an houre since I left him there.
Mart. We know not where you left them all aliue,
But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus and Lucius.

Tamora. Where is my Lord the King?
King. Here *Tamora*, though grieud with killing griefe.
Tamora. Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?
King. Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound,
Poore *Bassianus* heere lies murthered.
Tamora. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ.
The complot of this timeles Tragedie,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyrannie.

She giueth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter.

And if we misse to meete him handsomely,
Sweet huntsman Bassianus *tis we meane,*
Doe thou so much as dig the graue for him,
Thou knowst our meaning, looke for thy reward.
Among the nettles at the Elder tree,
Which ouer-shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus,
Doe this and purchase vs thy lasting friends.

King. Oh *Tamora* was euer heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder tree,
Looke sirs if you can finde the huntsman out,
That should haue murthered *Bassianus* heere.
Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of gold.

King

King. Two of thy whelpes, fell curs of bloody kinde,
Haue heere bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison,
There let them bide vntill we haue deuisd
Some neuer heard-of tortering paine for them.
Tamora. What are they in this pit, oh wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discouered?
Titus. High Emperour vpon my feeble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sonnes,
Accursed, if the faults be prou'd in them.
King. If it be prou'd! you see it is apparant,
Who found this letter, *Tamora* was it you?
Tamora. *Andronicus* himselfe did take it vp.
Titus. I did my Lord, yet let me be their baile,
For by my Fathers reuerent tombe I vow
They shall be ready at your Highnes will,
To answere their suspition with their liues.
King. Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me.
Some bring the murthered body, some the murtherers,
Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine,
For by my soule, were there worse end then death,
That end vpon them should be executed.
Tamora. *Andronicus* I wil entreat the King,
Feare not thy sonnes, they shall do well enough.
Titus. Come *Lucius* come, stay not to talke with them.

Enter the Empresse sonnes, with Lauinia, her hands cut off and her tongue cut out, and rauisht.

Demet. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,
Who twas that cut thy tongue and rauisht thee.
Chiron. Write downe thy minde, bewray thy meaning so,
And if thy stumpes will let thee play the scribe.
Demet. See how with signes and tokens she can scrowle.
Chiron. Goe home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.